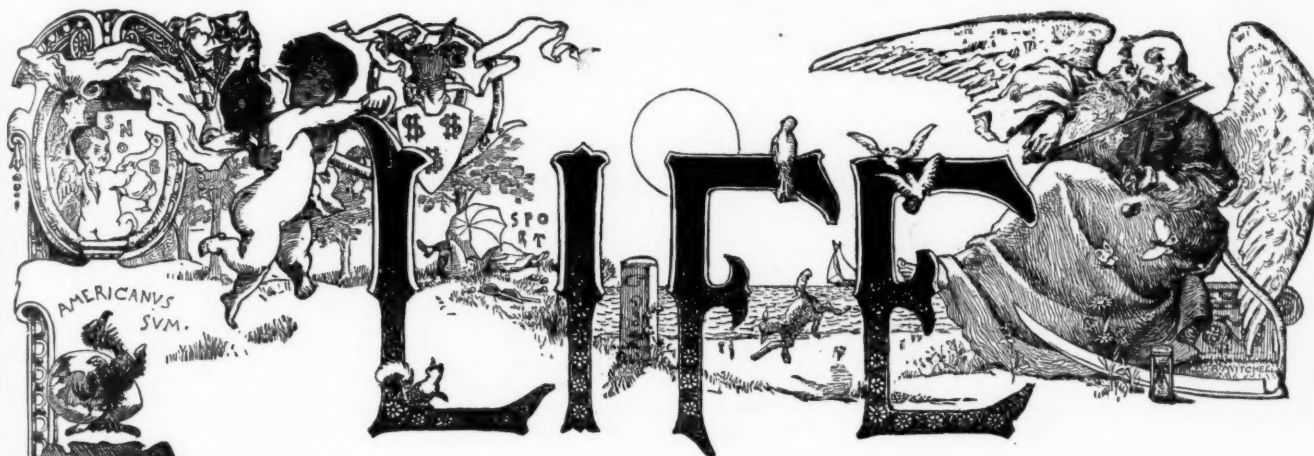


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TRIBULATIONS OF WASHINGTON LIFE.

"THESE QUESTIONS OF PRECEDENCE ARE VERY EMBARRASSING. I DON'T KNOW WHO SHOULD GO IN TO DINNER FIRST, MRS. GEN'L PORT-WARDEN ROBINSON, OR MRS. DEPUTY FISH COMMISSIONER JONES. WHAT ON EARTH SHALL I DO?"

"WELL, MAMMA, I SHOULD OPEN THE FOLDING DOORS AND LET THEM ENTER FOUR ABREAST."

· LIFE ·



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PROPER SELF-RESPECT.

AT the gates of Heaven an angel prest,
 An angel newly and properly made;
 And she was, and she knew it, so very well drest
 That nothing in Heaven could make her afraid.

Through the gates of Heaven she peered at the Blest,
 As through Paradise streets they wandered and strayed,
 And gave audible thanks that *she* was well drest—
 For *they* were in garments most shockingly made.

Every angel she saw—and to see them thus drest
 Brought a blush to the cheek of this *à la mode* maid—
 Wore a radiant garment, cut, it must be confessed,
 Like that in which mortals in sleep are arrayed.

A positive pain wrung her sensitive breast
 At the sight of this garb, which decorum forbade—
 And the dread that she also must be thus undrest
 On her sensitive face cast a visible shade.

Saint Peter advanced with a bow of the best
 (For the Saint liked the looks of the trim little maid),
 And he graciously said: "When you're properly drest
 Your harp is all ready, and waits to be played."

Just one glance all disdainful she cast on the Blest
 In their garments of white, to Saint Peter salaamed,
 And replied: "If in Heaven one can't be well drest
 I'll go—Somewhere Else, and be well drest and
 damned!"

Thomas A. Janvier.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XVIII. DECEMBER 3d, 1891. No. 466.
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00; Vol. II., bound, \$15.00. Back numbers, one year old, 20 cents per copy. Vols. III. to XVII., inclusive, bound or in flat numbers, at \$5.00 per volume.

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SPEECH was not all silver at the Chamber of Commerce dinner, in this town, the other day. Secretary Foster talked silver, it is true; but there was little or nothing about the cart-wheel dollars in the addresses of either Bishop Potter or Dr. Depew. They were good addresses. Dr. Depew admitted at the time that he had never heard the Bishop talk better sense, and Bishop Potter said next day that often as he had heard Dr. Depew speak he had never known him to compress so potent a sermon in so small a space. Any mystery that may seem to attach to the satisfaction of these gentlemen in each other's remarks is cleared away by the explanation that they both performed variations of the same tune. Bishop Potter bewailed the hazards incident to extreme wealth, and asked for diligent development of the science of redistribution. Dr. Depew averred that the very rich man who neglected the science of redistribution was a worse anarchist than Herr Most, and that every rich employer who gave his workmen reason to feel that they were slaves, did more to promote socialism than whole balloonfuls of socialist oratory.

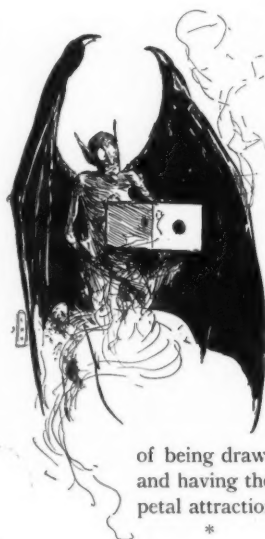
* * *

IT was a good tune that these good men played, and LIFE rejoices to deflect even the merest echo of it into such ears as it can reach. LIFE'S sympathies are all set with hair triggers ready to go off at any meritorious tale of woe, but of all its tender feelings none respond quicker to a more gentle impression than its feelings for the extremely rich. "I wish," said Bishop Potter, "that somebody would write a history of great accumulations and their posthumous influence on the virtue, usefulness,



and happiness of those to whom they were passed on. It would be a very instructive, and, I apprehend, rather a tragic story." Dear sir, the story doesn't need to be written. We all know it. We read it in the newspapers every day, and find the illustrations of it in every block on Fifth Avenue. You know how it runs. The old man keeps jogging along until he passes the twenty million point, and then keeps jogging on from force of habit without much change until the life is squashed out of him by the pressure of business responsibility. Sometimes he attempts to find pleasure in having things, but he rarely knows what to have or likes it after he has got it.

* * *



of being drawn into McAllister's maelstrom, and having their brains sucked out by centripetal attraction.

* * *



ANOTHER sort are the slaves of their own estates, and are good for nothing but to take care of them.

And, lastly, when you find a thoroughly good fellow among the very rich, as you often do, you find a man who is no happier, or is even less happy, than he would be in mere "easy circumstances." He wants to do something worth while, and doesn't know what on earth to do; he has a conscience, and his income worries it; he has a heart, and wants to buckle to his fellow men, and he finds that his fortune isolates him. He finds that people in general are apt to think of his money first and of himself afterwards, and that naturally makes him sad. And so he worries along, struggling with his disadvantages and reaching out after salvation, with many ups and downs of his spirits, about as the rest of us do. Heaven help him, say we, as doubtless your Right Reverence does, also.



FOR his major blessings, Uncle Sam had due cause to be grateful, and Uncle Sam is the kind of person who is likely to overlook minor evils in the contemplation of his greater causes for thankfulness.

THAT amiable philanthropist, the Czar, ought to be treated to a dose of his own medicine.

BRAZIL, in the light of subsequent events, seems not to have known how to let well enough alone. It would be a pretty bad emperor who could possibly be any worse than a lot of South American agitators.

THE crop of banged-up football players was a little larger this November, than usual. But as the consciousness of heroism was also proportionately greater, the banged-up ones require no extra coddling.

AN anarchist may be a dangerous member of the community, but a policeman who exceeds his powers and commits a crime, is even more dangerous, and twice as criminal. Public opinion in the Chicago matter is for once arrayed on the side of the anarchists.





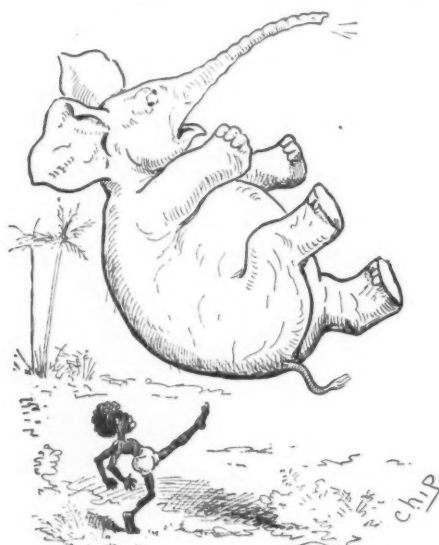
A BURST OF CONFIDENCE.

"YOUR MOTHER, I UNDERSTAND, HAS BEEN VERY ILL, THOMAS."

"YESSIR."

"IS SHE MENDING, THOMAS?"

"MENDIN'? NO, INDEEDY! SHE SAID I COULD GO WITHOUT CLOTHES BEFORE SHE WOULD SEW ANOTHER DURNED STITCH."



"A FIRST-CLASS KICKER."

BOOKISHNESS

"OUR AMATEUR CIRCUS."

WHEN Society gets plenty of fun out of itself, and gives amusement to those outside, it is fulfilling its chief functions, and may be considered in a healthy state. That is why Mr. H. McVickar's "Our Amateur Circus" (Harper's), is so interesting. It takes Society as it is accustomed to take itself—not seriously, or maliciously, or indignantly—but with affable good-humor, conscious of its own eccentricities and superiorities, and rather glad that they are amusing.

It is a very pretty pageant—fair women, and fine clothes, and stalwart men—and it teaches that you should be considerate and gay, even if you are selfish and morose at heart. All of these things add to the sum of human pleasure.

The "reformer," and the "man of conscience," and the "pietist" don't believe in this code of life. If you have not any woes of your own you must hunt up somebody else's woe and share it with him. In this manner you can always suppress your good spirits, and keep a proper equilibrium in this "vale of tears," which suggests Ibsen's satirical young man who said, "We call this world a vale of tears, and try our best to make it one."

It was no doubt a wise man who, looking at life from both standpoints, found a great deal of trouble masquerading as "pleasure," and much humbug and weakness calling itself "sympathy." So he said: "I'll seek neither pleasure nor sympathy, but whenever either comes my way I'll take all I can get, and thank the gods." The legend adds that this man lived to a green old age, and all men loved him, but no man envied him, for he never obtruded his pleasures or his woes on other people.

To return to Mr. McVickar's book of drawings—it reveals a new phase of his talent. Heretofore he has, for the most part, drawn beautiful women and well-dressed men in luxurious rooms. But these drawings are caricatures—grotesque attitudes, exaggerations, contortions, strange groupings, all telling their own story. He is a graceful satirist with the power of expressing himself in pictures—as well as the careful and skilful draughtsman who has long been recognized.

* * *

IN the second series of "Poems by Emily Dickinson" (Roberts) there are many pieces to deepen the impression made by the first volume, though there is no new phase of her poetic talent shown. All her mannerisms appeared in the earlier volume, so that this one will be judged less for its eccentricities than its original and permanent beauties.

The reader probably will conclude that it is not her quaint and shy skepticism, her half-worldly cynicism (which she arrived at through no experience of the world, but by an intellectual process) that charms him most. But it is the real poetic quality of beautiful imagery, flashed on you in a word or brief phrase, that gives these verses their fascination. The subjective side of Miss Dickinson's poems has been praised so excessively, that one is apt to overlook the felicity of her descriptive pieces like "The Railway Train," "The Thunder-storm," and "The Snake," in which there is not a trace of introspection; and the most compact of all in this category, "The Humming Bird":

"A route of evanescence
With a revolving wheel;
A resonance of emerald,
A rush of cochineal,
And every blossom on the bush
Adjusts its tumbled head,—
The mail from Tunis, probably,
An easy morning's ride."

—Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

THE SHOPLIFTER. By Georges Ohnet. New York: The Waverly Company.
Her Strange Amour. New York: The Minerva Publishing Company.

The Cocked Hat. By Pedro A. de Alarcón. New York: The Minerva Publishing Company.

Idle Verses Idly Writ. By Frank Chaffee. New York: George M. Allen and Company.

Matrimonial Advice. Illustrated in colors. By H. McVickar. New York: George M. Allen and Company.

Lays of a Lawyer. By William Bard McVickar. New York: George M. Allen and Company.

With My Friends. By Brander Matthews. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

A BOSTON MAID.

At love I never heard her scoff,
Though Cupid yet has made
no proffer;
She never would remark, "Come
off,"
But doubtless prayeth thus:
"Come offer."

A SIGN OF PROMISE.

It is joyous news to New Yorkers that the Fifth Avenue Stage Company shows a deficit for the past year of \$32,672.13. That the deficit may increase is the earnest prayer of every martyr who is compelled to ride in those disgraceful conveyances. No wonder there is a deficit. Who thinks of climbing into one of those deafening horrors when he can travel any other way? It requires a trained athlete to get in or out without injury. Personal discomfort reaches its climax in these offensive relics of a barbarous past. May the next twelve months bring a deficit big enough to discourage the parsimonious sharks who persist in inflicting the present abomination on a suffering public. Another management could not be worse. The present one is a disgrace to the avenue, and a mortification to every public-spirited citizen.



The Czarina: ALEX, THERE'S A PLOT AGAINST US, RIGHT HERE IN OUR OWN HOUSEHOLD.

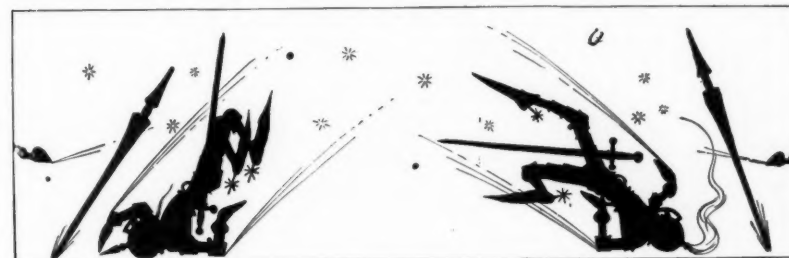
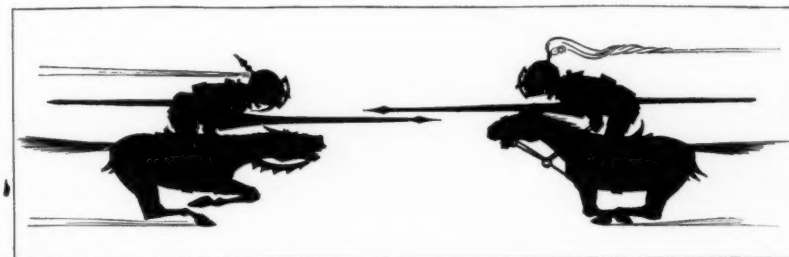
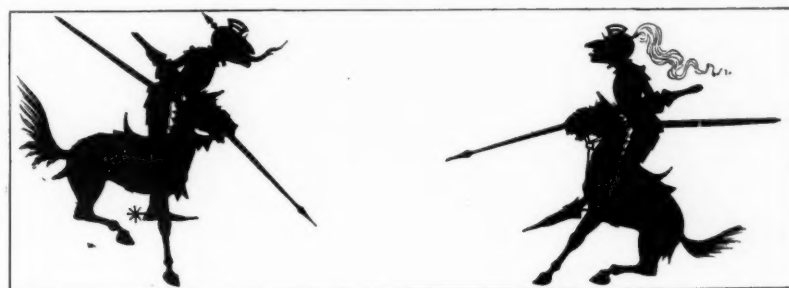
The Czar (carelessly): OH, I'M GETTING USED TO THAT SORT OF THING.

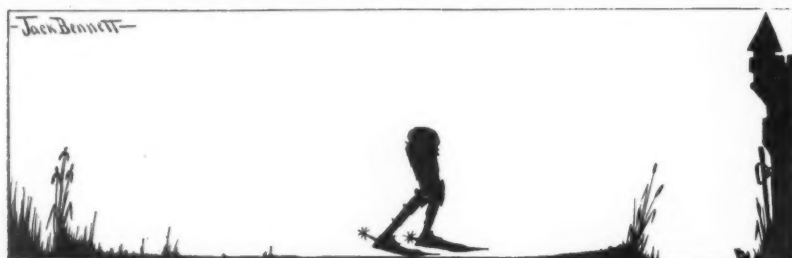
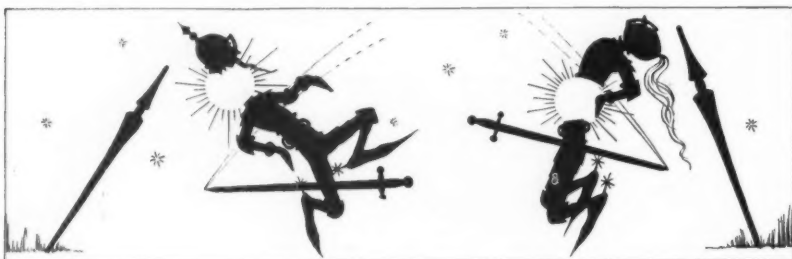
The Czarina: BUT THIS IS THE MOST DASTARDLY PLOT YET.

The Czar: WHAT IS IT?

The Czarina (in awful whisper): THE COOK IS GOING TO LEAVE.

HOW IT ENDED.





PEN FINDETH HER ADORER AN EASIER VICTIM THAN SHE THOUGHT.



IT was the occasion of Jack's third call after the ratification of the engagement that Pen entered the parlor with a look of moderate perturbation on her pretty face. After the usual formalities of a meeting between lovers had been concluded and the single chair had been properly placed in use, Penelope dropped her head on his manly bosom and sighed. A thrill of delight went through Jack's heart when he observed this.

"What is it, Pen?" he asked tenderly.

"O I am so unhappy" she replied.

"Tell me what it is" he pleaded.
"It's that miserable Mary Toliver" she answered.

"What has she done, darling?"

"It isn't anything that she has done, it's something that she said."

"She ought to be ashamed of herself. What did she say?"

"O I don't like to repeat it—it will make you angry."

"You must tell me, Pen; you ought to—it's your duty."

"Well—she—she—said that she didn't believe you loved me."

"Why should that bother you? You know that I do."

"But I want her to know that you do."

"I suppose that is so, darling, but what can we do?"

"Well, I want you to be jealous of me."

"How can I? You don't give me any reason to be."

"I don't want you to be real jealous of me—only make believe jealous."

"Well, what can I make believe jealous about?"

"Well, I don't know, but I guess we can fix it. I think I can get one of the boys to take me somewhere, and you can pretend that you are very angry."

"All right" he laughed. "You go ahead and make the arrangements."

"Well, I don't care where I go, but I think I'll get Dick Dashing to take me to the opera. Maybe he won't though."

"I'll ask him to."

"O no, no; you must not say a word to him about it. You must pretend to be too angry."

"All right, sweetheart."

And so Jack succeeded in bringing the smiles back to Pen's pretty face. In fact she was smiling even after he had kissed her good-bye and gone, and she smiled most when she read again Dick Dashing's invitation, which she had received that morning, to go to the opera.

"I guess I did that very cleverly for a young girl," Pen thought to herself, smilingly.



"PAT, I'M IN A KOIND OV A DIL'EMMY, AN' DIVIL A WAN OV ME KNOWS PHWAT TO DO. YEZ MUST KNOW THAT I HAVEN'T BEEN HOME SINCE YISTERDAY MOR'R'NIN', AND ME WOIFE IS LAVIN' FOR ME, I KNOW. PHWAT WUD YEZ DO IF YEZ WUZ ME? IF I GO HOME I'LL GET CLUBBED, AN' IF I DON'T GO HOME I'LL GET CLUBBED."

"PHWAT WOULD I DO? WHY, I'D GO HOME AN' TAKE MY CLUBBIN' FROM MY OULD WOMAN LOIKE A MAN. DON'T LOSE A WIFE'S RISPICKT, WHATEVER YEZ DO!"

(The next drink is taken in silence.)



THERE was an exhibition at the Madison Square Garden last month that purported to be a horse show. Horses were in it, but they were of secondary importance. The real success of the enterprise was the display of New York fashions in women's costume, and in carriages, harnesses and horses. Now, there is nothing on earth more dispiriting than a public exhibition of New York fashionable society. It is always the same melancholy spectacle of what can be accomplished by unlimited leisure, vulgarity and wealth.

Why not have a horse show based on horse? Not on what is fashionable in horse, and where the entries and awards are based on the social influence of the proprietor, but a manly, business-like competition where the best animal shall win.

There is an idea in this.

A CONSCIENTIOUS TIPPLER.

PRIMUS: You drink too much. Aren't you afraid you may transmit a craving for liquor to your children?

SECUNDUS: Yes—and you see I don't want to transmit it unsatisfied.

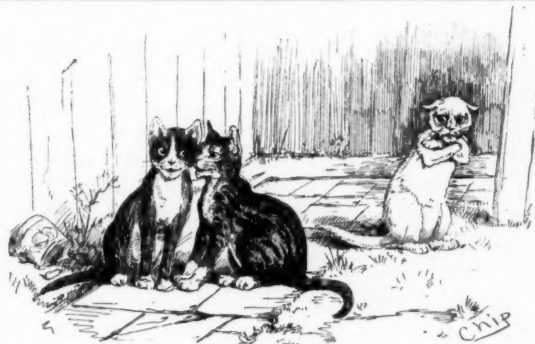


TRANSCENDENTAL LEXICOGRAPHY.

Head-Mistress: MISS BALFOUR, I SAW YOU KISS THAT TARLETON BOY. WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THAT?

Sweet Girl Undergraduate: I CAN SPELL IT, MISS GRAYSON, BUT I CAN'T DEFINE IT.

"I HAVE lost my heart," he whispered,
Gazing in her lovely eyes;
But the maiden coldly answered,
"Why don't you advertise?"



"THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER."



THAT DELICIOUS M
WHEN YOU ARE SUDDENLY CALLED UPON T



DELICIOUS MOMENT
WHENLY CALL UPON TO DISCHARGE THE COOK.



LADY BOUNTIFUL.

IF we Americans do not learn all about the details of every phase of English life, it won't be the fault of British dramatists or American managers. The new play at the Lyceum deals largely with the "horsey" element of England—not that of the race-course, but of the riding school. In addition it gives us a peek at the every day management of a parish church. The American public, considering the confidence deserved by the Lyceum stage pictures, may go to see "Lady Bountiful" with the conviction that it will become as conversant with these phases of English life as by going to England and staying there.

The story Mr. Pinero tells is a simple one. It involves the separation of lovers and the consequent heart-wringing well portrayed, as usual, by Miss Cayvan and Mr. Kelcey. Mr. Le Moyne puts *Harold Skimpole* into the flesh under the title of *Roderick Heron*. Mr. Le Moyne's work shows his usual study and painstaking, the result being one of the most perfect and

"IF YOU THINKS OF BUYING A DOG, MISS, YOU CAN'T DO NO BETTER'N TO TAKE THIS ONE, AND WHEN IT DEWELOPS, YOU'LL BE SURPRISED, AN' NO MONEY WILL PURCHASE IT OF YOU AGIN!"

"WHAT IS IT'S NAME?"



(Six Months After.)

"GLADYS ALICE, MUM. IT'S NAMED GLADYS ALICE "DEWEL-
ARTER A LADY WOT OWNED THE OPS" AND THE TRITE QUES-
FIRST SPECIMENT O' THE BREED!" TION ARISES OF "WHAT'S IN
(The name decides it and a sale is made.) A NAME," AFTER ALL ?



IN BOSTON.

"MAMA, I DON'T LIKE MY NEW PHONOGRAPH DOLL AT ALL!"

"WHY NOT, DEAR?"

"OH, IT SPEAKS WITH SUCH AN OFFENSIVE NEW YORK ACCENT."

selfish old rascals ever pictured. The other parts are well sustained and the mounting of the piece is excellent.

* * *

Editor LIFE.

DEAR SIR: As a reader of LIFE, and a theatre goer, I wish to enter my protest against LIFE's remarks this week in regard to the Kendals. These remarks are both unjust and untrue. Mrs. Kendal, as an actress, is a woman of far "more than ordinary abilities." She is a most finished and capable actress, a true artist, and this opinion of her is held not only by those who go to see her, but by the majority of dramatic critics in



A CASE OF JANG JANG, OR CHINESE DELIRIUM TREMENS.

the country. The same is true of her husband. In sneeringly referring to those who attend the Kendal performances, as people who desire to witness a "moral show," LIFE speaks the truth if it means that these persons prefer decency to indecency. If it shows a superior artistic taste to prefer plays such as "La Tosca" to the "Ironmaster" then the admirers of the Kendals must plead guilty to the lack of such taste. It is a great mistake to attribute the size and character of the audiences that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal attract to any particular fashion or moral fad. It is simply and solely because they present strong, clean, wholesome plays, in an entirely worthy manner, and to which ones wives, sisters and daughters may go without being shocked by the brutal obscenity of plays of the character of "La Tosca."

Lover of Drama.

The Lover of Drama simply emphasizes the sentiments in LIFE that called forth the letter. From his own unintentional

confession his moral perceptions are hopelessly entangled with his artistic sense. If his condition is such that seeing Bernhardt in "La Tosca" produces chiefly an impression of immorality such productions are not for him. To sit through one of the most dramatic plays ever written and extract only its nastiness is, perhaps, a gift, though an unfortunate one. If on the other hand, the acting of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal satisfies all his artistic cravings and leaves his mind in a purer state, it is obviously his duty to patronize this worthy couple. LIFE only regrets, as heretofore, that so many of his countrymen are similarly affected. It is a condition that argues no superior moral sense. It simply indicates a lamentable absence of artistic feeling.



LIFE'S RESEARCHES IN ROMAN RAILWAYS.

THE TICKET OFFICE.



THE late Mr. Kinglake was polite, yet frank. It is related that, upon one occasion, while dining with old Dr. Marsham, the warden of Merton, he was asked to give his opinion of some port wine which was supposed to be remarkably good.

"I am no judge of port, myself, Kinglake," said Dr. Marsham; "but I know you are, and I should like your opinion."

"Well," said Mr. Kinglake, "I have three ways of judging port wine. The first is by the color, the second is by the odor, and the third is by the flavor. Now, the color of your wine, Marsham"—holding it up and looking at it critically—"is good; the odor"—here he held the glass to his nose for a moment, and then added, with some hesitation—"is far from unpleasant; the flavor is"—here he tasted it, and put the wine-glass down hastily. "Would you be kind enough to pass me the sherry?"—*Boston Gazette.*

VISITOR (in Jones' room at 11 p.m.)—That young lady in the house across the way sings like a bird.

JONES (unkindly)—Well, not altogether. You see, a bird stops singing at night.—*Detroit Free Press.*



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—*Medical and Surg. Reporter, Phila.*

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—*Medical Standard, Chicago.*

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"NOT MUCH. YOU DON'T SUPPOSE I WOULD DO ANYTHING TO PREVENT A WOMAN FROM DYING A PEACEFUL DEATH?"



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Christmas Gifts of Cut Glass are beautiful and useful. The Grand Prize, Paris, 1889, was awarded

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Made only by **CHARLES GUYOT, Paris.**

The same of health, comfort and durability. In glass top cartons of 4 pair, \$2.25. 8 pair, \$4.50, and 12 pair, \$6.75, handsomely packed. An inexpensive and very useful present. Single pair, 50c. If your furnisher can not supply them, write to **Guthrie Bros., 917-919 Filbert St., Philadelphia, N. Y. City,** sole representatives of **CH. GUYOT, for the U. S.**

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English, Scotch, and Irish Suitings, Homespuns, Cheviots, Tweeds, West of England Broadcloths, and Cassimeres.

OVERCOATINGS.

BEAVERS, KERSEYS, MELTONS, IRISH FRIEZES and ELYSIANS.

Mixed and Fancy Cloths for Ladies' and Children's Jackets and Wraps.

LADIES' PLAIN COLORED CLOTHS FOR EVENING AND STREET WEAR.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
for fifty years has been used by millions of mothers for their Children while Teething. It soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays all Pain, Cures Wind Colic and is the Best Remedy for Diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

The Travelers' Bureaus of THE NEWS SERIES (Herkimer, N. Y. office) will send you trustworthy information about winter resorts without charge.

The most perfect toilet powder is
LA

VELOUTINE FAY
Special Poudre de Riz
Prepared with bismit by **CH. FAY, Parfumer, 6, r. de la Paix, Paris**
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Caution. — None Genuine but those bearing the word « FRANCE » and the signature **CH. FAY.**

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GOLD AND SILVER SMITHS.

In PRECIOUS STONES we show DIAMONDS, RUBIES, EMERALDS, SAPPHIRES, OPALS, PEARLS and a complete line of precious and semi-precious gems, interesting for their beauty and value.

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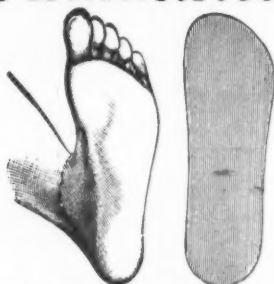
LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers or if unable to procure this wonderful soap send 25c in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

SPECIAL—Shandon Bells Soap (the popular Society Soap) sent FREE to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

Waukenhose



The Shape of the Foot.

This stocking is the most durable because of its shape; the big toe, having room enough, stays inside.

For the same reason it is the only comfortable stocking. Ingrowing nails, corns, &c., due to crowding the toes into the pointed end of the old style stocking, prevented or relieved by Waukenhose.

Illustrated Book Free.

Sold by dealers or by mail.

Men's: 4 pairs medium or heavy cotton, 3 pairs fine cotton or 2 pairs soft lisle, merino, worsted or wool, \$1.00.

Women's: extra quality black cotton, 50c.; balbriggan, 60c.; cashmere, \$1.00, per pair.

Mention size shoe, and whether man's or woman's.

WAUKENHOSE CO., 76 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.



Necessity is the mother of invention. With the growing use of polished brass, nickel and steel articles in domestic interiors came the discovery of Stilboma, to make and keep them bright. Stilboma is a chemically prepared chamois, which polishes or burnishes metal surfaces. It is neat, clean and durable—and never scratches.

A large sample of Stilboma will be sent to anyone who will mention where this advertisement was seen and enclose six cents in stamps to THE CHANDLER & RUDD CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

THERE was, not long since, a venerable and benevolent judge in Paris, who, at the moment of passing sentence on a prisoner, consulted his associates on each side of him as to the proper penalty to be inflicted.

"What ought we to give this rascal, brother?" he said, bending over to the one upon his right.

"I should say three years."

"What is your opinion, brother?" to the other on his left.

"I should give him about four years."

THE JUDGE (with benevolence): Prisoner, not desiring to give you a long and severe term of imprisonment as I should have done if left to myself, I have consulted my learned brothers, and I shall take their advice. Seven years!—*The Mortgages of Seneca.*

Personally-conducted Tours and their Growth.

Some idea of the amount of traveling done by Americans as a people and the comfort and luxury they command is gathered from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's announcement of its personally-conducted tours for 1891 and 1892. First comes a series to the Golden Gate and Mexico, leaving New York and Philadelphia January 13th, February 10th and 24th, March 24th, and April 20th, 1892. Tourists will travel by superbly-appointed special trains of Pullman drawing-room, sleeping, dining, smoking, and observation cars, under the supervision of a Tourist Agent and Chaperson.

Then follows a series of six to Jacksonville—January 10th, February 2d and 16th, March 1st, 15th, and 29th, 1892. The first five admit of two whole weeks in the sunny South, while tickets for the sixth tour are good to return by regular trains until May 30th, 1892. The round-trip rate is but \$50 from New York and \$48 from Philadelphia.

A series to Washington, D.C., leave November 26th, December 10th and 28th, 1891; January 21st, February 18th, March 17th, April 7th and 28th, and May 19th, each tour covering a period of three days, and rate of \$12.50 from New York and \$10 from Philadelphia includes all necessary traveling expenses and board at the National Capital.

On December 28th a personally-conducted tour will also be run to Old Point Comfort, covering a period of four days and all expenses, and tickets sold from Philadelphia at rate of \$15; New York, \$18.

February 2d a tour will be run to Washington, Richmond, Virginia Beach, and Old Point Comfort, covering eight days, and tickets will be sold at \$42 from New York and \$40 from Philadelphia.

Last of all, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that it, during the months of July and August, 1892, the date to be definitely announced later, proposes running two distinct tours to the Yellowstone National Park. They will be conducted on the same general principles, and maintained at that high standard manifested on all the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally-conducted tours.

Carefully prepared itineraries as well as detailed information may be procured by addressing Mr. Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent.

EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS.

Fastest Train in the World,

EVERY DAY BUT SUNDAY.

NEW YORK to BUFFALO,

440 Miles in 504 Minutes.

52½ Miles per Hour

ACTUAL RUNNING TIME,

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Wholesale buying is done with knowledge of all. But merchants differ. Some buy for quality; some for profit.

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FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

have enjoyed a high reputation. Brilliant and musical; tone of rare sympathetic quality; beautiful for vocal accompaniment. Durably constructed of finest material by most skillful workmen. Exceptional in retaining original richness and fullness of tone. Require tuning less often than any other piano. MODERATE PRICES. REASONABLE TERMS.

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